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The race in Dix
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THE RACE IN DIXIE.

BY R. P. PORTER.

Come all good people great and small,
Let's sing a race that did befall.

The Yan—the Yan—the Yankee men in Dixie,
Old traitor Scott, in pomp and pride,
Declared to Richmond he would ride,

And have—and have—and have a race in Dixie,
Let's march away to Dixie,
Away! Away!

The rebel band shall leave the land,
That gathered down in Dixie,
Away! Away!
Let's see the race in Dixie.

From Washington, oh, glorious land
The Yankee girls and men did run.

To see—to see—to see the race in Dixie,
And some they went with banners fine,
And some they carried cakes and wine,
To eat—to eat—to eat and drink in Dixie.

Let's march, they cried, to Dixie,
Away! Away!

Oh, sadly they did rue the day
They went with arms and flags so gay,
Away! Away!
To ous, vay from Dixie.

Old Lincoln sent young Bod his son,
And all his Congres to Bull Run.

To see—to see—to see the race in Dixie,
Miss Wilson and her pap were there,
And sweet Miss Wood marched in the rear,
To plant—to plant—to plant the stripes in Dixie,
Away! Away! for Dixie!

Away! Away!
Let's see the sight; they'll never fight,
The rebels they will take to flight,
Away! Away!

We'll run them out of Dixie!

They planted cannon on the hill,
In hope much rebel blood to spill,
Away! Away! away down there in Dixie.

But Beauregard and Johnson, true,
And Bartow, Bee and others, too,
Were there—were there—were there to fight for
Dixie—

"Let's fight," they cried, "for Dixie."
Away! Away!

A tyrant band invades our land,
On Dixie let us take our stand,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll live and die in Dixie.

Before the setting of the sun,
That noble battle it was won

By Son—by Son—by Southern boys at Dixie.
Oh! thousands who, at morning light,
Had marched so proudly to the fight,
Were ly—were ly—were lying dead on Dixie,
Oh! far away in Dixie.

Away! Away!
Then men of might, that bloody night,
Who were not slain, all took to flight,
Away! Away!
And ran away from Dixie.

And South Carolina, she was there,
With Georgia boys the fame to share,
Of stan—of stan—of standing fast by Dixie;
And Alabama by the side
Of Louisiana, poured a tide

Of free—of free—of firemen's blood for Dixie,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Dixie,
Away! Away!

For sons who died that glorious day!
Old fathers with their locks so grey,
Away! Away!
Are come to fight for Dixie.

Let millions of the Hessians come,
At angle sound and roll of drum,
We'll ral—we'll ral—we'll rally all for Dixie.
For wives and children, homes and friends,
He nobly dies who these defends,
Away! Away! far off in Dixie,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Dixie,
Away! Away!
The hoards that boast on Dixie soil
To glut their lust and reap the spoil,
For aye! for aye!
Shall die and rot on Dixie.

Now, let us sing the glorious song,
Of those who go to avenge the wrong
Of Yan—of Yan—of Yankees down in Dixie.
Let's sing to all on Dixie's side,
And shed a tear for those who died
In the—in the—in the great fight for Dixie.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Dixie.

Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll drive old Lincoln's hireling band,
From Southern seas and Southern strand,
Away! Away!
Or die, each one, in Dixie.

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